

OLD TOWLER



*A favorite Hunting Song
Sung with universal applause by M.^r Incedon
at the New Theatre Royal Covent Garden &c. &c.*

Composed by

M.^r SHIELD

Written by J. O'Keefe Esq.^r

Ent.^d at Stat.^s Hall.

Price 1^s.

L O N D O N

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Con Spirito
ma non
troppo Presto

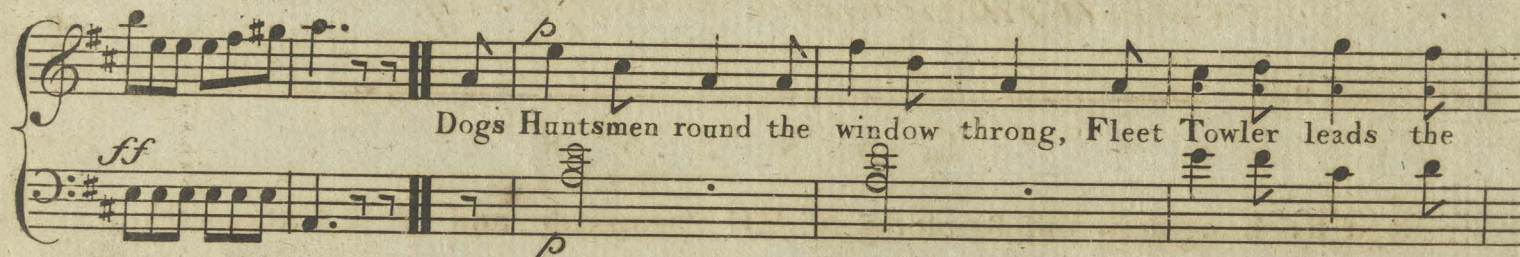
The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is for the vocal part, with a treble and bass staff. The second system is for the Corni (Horns), also in treble and bass staves. The third system is for the tutti (all instruments), with a treble and bass staff. The fourth system is for the tutti, with a treble and bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'fz' (forzando) and 'hr' (ritardando).



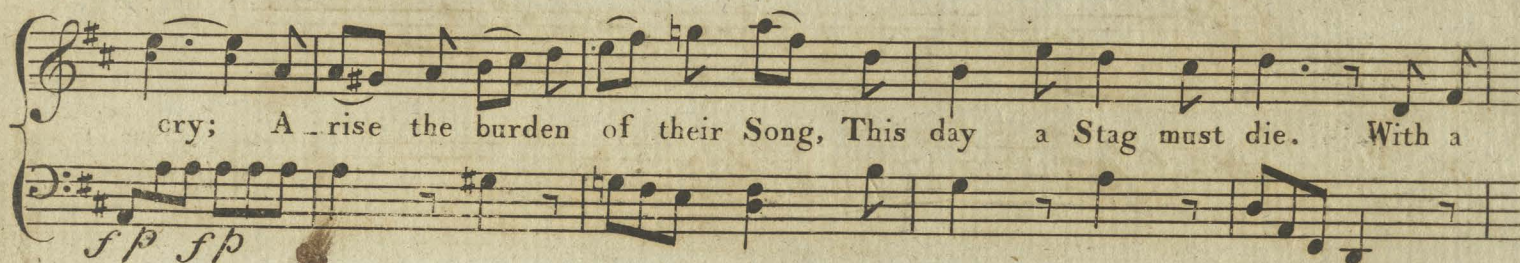
Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn; And spangles deck the thorn; The lowing herds now



quit the lawn, The Lark springs from the Corn: Corn.



ff Dogs Huntsmen round the window throng, Fleet Towler leads the



cry; A rise the burden of their Song, This day a Stag must die. With a



Hay ho Chivey, Hark forward hark forward tan ti - vy, With a hey ho



chi - vey, Hark forward hark forward tan ti - vy, Hark forward, Hark

p
forward, hark forward, hark forward, tan tivy tan tivy, hark, hark,

The Huntsman's hallow
is introduced here.

forward hark forward tan tivy. A - rise the burthen of their song, This Day a Stag must

f die, This day a Stag must die, This day a Stag must die.

f

2

The Cordial takes it's merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The Huntsman blows a jovial sound;
The dogs snuff up the Gale:
The Upland Winds they sweep along,
O'er fields thro' brakes they fly;
The Game is rous'd, too true the Song,
This day a Stag must die.
With a Hey ho &c.

3

Poor Stag the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The Huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His Joys were in the Chace.
Alike the Sportsmen of the Town,
The Virgin game in view;
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With their Hey ho Chivy,
Hark forwards Tantivy,

For the Guitar

Con Spirito
ma non
troppo Presto

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And spangles deck the thorn; The lowing herds now
quit the lawn, The Lark springs from the Corn: Corn.

Dogs Huntsmen round the window throng, Fleet Towler leads the
cry, A - rise the burthen of their Song, This day a Stag must die. With a
hey ho chi - vey, Hark forward hark forward tan ti - vy With a hey ho
chi - vey, Hark forward hark forward tan ti - vy, Hark forward Hark forward hark
forward hark forward tan tivy tantivy hark hark forward hark forward tan
The Huntsman's hallow is introduced here
tivy A - rise the burthen of their song, This day a Stag must
die, This day a Stag must die, This day a Stag must die.